BUCKY and TORO in

YOUNG ALLIES

NO. 18 WINTER

COMICS 10¢

The YOUNG ALLIES

THIS IS THE STORY OF BIG BOY BATES, A DEADLY KILLER, WITH A FULL-GROWN BODY BUT THE MIND OF A CHILD! AND IT IS ALSO THE STORY OF THE ***YOUNG ALLIES*** – MERE BOYS, BUT POSSESSING MAN-SIZE COURAGE! PICTURE THEN, THE YOUNG ALLIES' BEWILDERMENT WHEN THEY LOCK IN DEADLY COMBAT WITH THIS UNIQUE CRIMINAL, WHOSE BATTLE CRY IS

EENY, MEENY, MINY-MURDER!

MEET "BIG BOY" BATES AT THE AGE OF SEVEN···

DIS LOLLYPOP IS GOOD! YUM, YUM!

AND THIS IS "BIG BOY" BATES AT THE AGE OF TEN ---

DIS LOLLYPOP WHAT I STOLE TASTES DELICIOUS! YUM, YUM!

HE TOOK MY LOLLY-POP! BOO-HOO!

AND WHEN "BIG BOY" IS 18---

YER BEAUTIFUL, MOLLY! HERE, HAVE A LOLLY-POP!

OH, BIG BOY, YOU'RE HOPELESS! AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO GROW UP?

TIME MARCHES ON, AND "BIG BOY" BATES IS NOW A FULL GROWN MAN---OR IS HE?

TAKE DAT, COPPER! CHEE! DIS LOLLYPOP IS LIKE DIS GUN---IT SURE HITS DA SPOT! HAW!

AND THAT'S "BIG BOY" BATES TODAY, A MAN WHO FORGOT TO GROW UP--BUT A DEADLY KILLER AT HEART! FOR THE TIME BEING, WE LEAVE HIM TO HIS LOLLY-POPS AND LOOK IN ON---

---THE YOUNG ALLIES, AS THEY ENJOY THEMSELVES AT AN AMUSEMENT PARK---

WHAT'LL IT BE FIRST, BUCKY?

THE ROLLER COASTER, FELLAS.

YEAH! THAT'S FOR ME TOO!

LOOP THE LOOP 10¢

POP CORN

YIPPEE! WE'RE BURNIN' UP THE RAILS!

AND LIKE ANY OTHER KIDS, THE YOUNG ALLIES THRILL TO THE DIPS AND SWOOPS OF THE ROLLER COASTER!

BUT AT THE TOP OF THE NEXT RISE, THE CAR IS SUDDENLY STOPPED!

OOPS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SOMEBODY STOPPED THE CAR—HOLY SMOKE! CROOKS!

RIGHT DE FOIST TIME, BUD. DIS IS A STICK-UP! HAND OVER YA DOUGH, FAST!

LISTEN, BRUDDER! YOU AIN'T GONNA GET MY FORTY-FIVE CENTS SPENDIN' MONEY! BUT HERE IS A COUPLE OF GOLD TEETH YA CAN HAVE---YER **OWN!**

AS THE OTHER BANDIT OPENS FIRE, TORO FLAMES INTO ACTION!

JUST A COUPLE OF TIN-HORN CROOKS, EH?

I'LL PLUG YA LIKE A TOY BALLOON--- OWWW!

AND THEN THE YOUNG ALLIES PITCH INTO THE PRECARIOUS FIGHT HIGH ABOVE THE GROUNDS!

GIVE IT TO 'EM, KIDS— YAHOO!

GET AWAY FROM THESE BATTLIN' KIDS!

HEY! THEY'RE ESCAPING IN THAT CAR!

AN' THAT LEAVES **US** STRANDED UP HERE!

WE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN, I GUESS!

AFTER A RISKY DESCENT---

HEY! AH IS STUCK!

I'LL HELP YA, WHITE-WASH!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THOSE THUGS, GUYS!

MEAN-WHILE, THE THUGS REPORT TO THEIR BOSS--- NONE OTHER THAN OUR OLD FRIEND, "BIG BOY" BATES!

SHUCKS! IS DAT ALL YA GOT?

GEE, BOSS, IT AIN'T OUR FAULT! DOSE YOUNG ALLIES WAS ON DA ROLLER COASTER, AN' GOT IN OUR HAIR!

DA YOUNG ALLIES, EH? GET BACK ON DA JOB---AN' WHEN YA RUN ACROSS DOSE BRATS, BUMP 'EM OFF, SEE!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS---

WE'VE SCOURED THE WHOLE PARK--AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF 'EM ANYWHERE!

TOO BAD WE LOST THEM, BUT LET'S TAKE IN THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS. THEY SAY IT'S THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME!

HOUSE

INSIDE THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS...

EEAAGGHH!

WOW! WOTTA FACE!

GOSH!

SUDDENLY!

STICK 'EM UP, EVERYBODY! THROW YA MONEY AND VALUABLES ON THE FLOOR AN' SCRAM!

WOW! ANOTHER HOLDUP!

WE NEED SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT. TCH! TCH! IF IT ISN'T OUR ROBBING PALS AGAIN!

THE YOUNG ALLIES! THEY'RE ALL OVER THE JOINT!

HASTILY THE THUGS FLEE FROM THE SWARMING YOUNG ALLIES---

HURRY UP- BEFORE WE LOSE THEM AGAIN!

RKNE

PUFF, PUFF! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

SHUCKS! DEY GOT MIXED UP IN DE CROWD!

WE'LL SEPARATE AND SEARCH FOR THEM. TORO, YOU TAKE TUBBY AND JEFF AND GO THAT WAY! WE'VE GOT TO RUN THEM DOWN BEFORE THEY PLUNDER THE WHOLE AMUSEMENT PARK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, BUCKY LEADS HIS GROUP IN A HUNT AROUND THE GROUNDS --- AND ---

DERE DEY ARE-- GOIN' INTA DAT TENT!

YEAH, MAN!

THEN--- THE UNSUSPECTING TRIO RUSHES RIGHT INTO THE MOBSTERS' TRAP!

LOOK OUT, FELLAS! AN AMBUSH --- UGH!

GOT 'EM!

HA, HA, DE TRAP WOIKED LIKE A CHARM!

The YOUNG ALLIES

TAFFY 10¢

CHAPTER II CANNON of DEATH!

GEE, DEM POOR KIDS! ALLA SAME, YA BETTER GET RID OF 'EM, SEE? I'LL STAY HERE AND COUNT DA DOUGH AND DA LOLLYPOPS WE HAULED IN!

WE'LL FIX 'EM POIMANENT, BOSS. I KNOW JUST THE THING!

THE UNCONSCIOUS TRIO IS STUFFED INTO A GIANT CANNON, LEFT UNATTENDED ---

"BOPPO" THE HUMAN CANNONBALL

PERFORMANCE- 2 TIMES DAILY

DEY'RE STILL OUT LIKE A LIGHT! GET SET TA SHOOT!

THEN THE BOYS ARE SHOT THROUGH THE AIR—WITH **NO NET IN PLACE!**

DA NETS AIN'T UP! AIN'T IT A SHAME? HAW! HAW!

BUCKY---KNUCKLES---WHITEWASH---**THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!**

YOUR **FLAME,** TORO! YOU CAN SAVE THEM!

THROUGH THE AIR ZOOMS TORO--- ARRIVING JUST IN TIME TO DRAG THE NETS IN PLACE!!!

PHEW! ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE **IT!**

ONCE MORE REUNITED, THE YOUNG ALLIES RUSH AFTER THE CROOKS, ONLY TO FIND----

THEY'RE GONE!

THEIR LEADER MUST BE THE FAMOUS "BIG BOY" BATES. THEY SAY HE EATS LOLLYPOPS BY THE DOZEN! IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD TRAIL THEM ..

LOOK— **JELLYBEANS!** HE WAS EATING 'EM, AND THE BAG MUST BE LEAKING! HE LEFT A TRAIL THAT WE CAN FOLLOW!

WHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY---

WE DIDN'T CLEAN UP SO GOOD AT DA AMUSEMENT PARK, BOSS, ON ACCOUNT O' DEM YOUNG ALLIES! WHAT'S NEXT?

GEE-- STRAW BERRY FLAVOR! (YUM, YUM) WELL, I'LL TELL YA IT'S DAT TOY FACTORY UP AHEAD!

AT THE TOY FACTORY---

ULP---- ROBBERS!

YA SOLD LOTSA TOYS TODAY, I HOPE. HAND OVER THE PROCEEDS!

WE GOT DA DOUGH, BOSS – LET'S LAM! GEE, . DON'T SIT DOWN AN' PLAY WID DA TOYS NOW!

SHADDUP! WHAT'S THE HURRY? I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A DERRICK LIKE DIS ONE BEFORE!

AND AS "BIG BOY" DAWDLES OVER HIS NEW PLAYTHING, THE YOUNG ALLIES BURST IN!

YAHOO!

DA YOUNG ALLIES! SEE WHAT YA GET FOR PLAYIN', BOSS---

OOPS!

I'VE WANTED THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU, "BIG BOY" BATES! HOW DO YOU DO?

UNKK!

OH, DIS IS TERRIBLE! I LOST ME LOLLYPOP! IT WUZ CHOC'LIT FLAVOR TOO!

NEVER MIND YER LOLLYPOP, BOSS! WE GOTTA ESCAPE! **HURRY!**

QUICK! GRAB DIS TANDEM BIKE! WE'LL LET 'EM EAT OUR DUST!

BICYCLES

THEY ARE ELUDING US ON THAT HIGH SPEED BICYCLE!

I GOT ANOTHER TANDEM BIKE FOR YOU, IF YOU WANT TO CHASE THEM FELLERS!

CATCH THEM— THE ROBBERS!

WE WILL! ALL TOGETHER NOW, BOYS --- **PUMP!**

YAHOO!

DOWN THE STREETS GOES THE MAD CHASE!

WE'RE GAINING!

YEAH, BUT TOO SLOWLY! TORO, PUT YOUR FLAME ON AND SPEED AHEAD!

RIGHT!

WITH A TERRIFIC BURST OF SPEED, THE FLAME BOY CHARGES INTO THE MIDST OF THE THUGS ---

THIS'LL HOLD YOU BOYS!

YEOWW! WE'RE CRASHING!

The YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER III

"SKY-HIGH KILLER!"

GOOD WORK, TORO! NOW AT 'EM, FELLAS! THEY CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

OH, NO? YOU KIDS ARE FULLA TRICKS, AIN'TCHA? BUT SO AM I! I GOT SOMETHIN' HERE THAT'LL STOP YA!

MARBLES!

YIPE!

LOOK OUT-- OOPS!!

HA! HA! C'MON, MEN, WE KIN SKIP OUTTA SIGHT BEFORE DEY PICK DEM-SELVES UP AGAIN!

DISGUSTED MOMENTS LATER---

AW, RATS! DEY GOT AWAY AGAIN!

ALMOST BUSTED MAH ARM!

AND WE HAVE NO CLUE TO FOLLOW THIS TIME!

WAIT A MINUTE! "BIG BOY" BATES DROPPED SOME-THING FROM HIS POCKET--- AND FOR ONCE IT ISN'T A LOLLY-POP WRAPPER!

KITE CONTEST

ALL BOYS ELIGIBLE TO TRY FOR GRAND PRIZE OF $5,000 FOR THE BEST KITE! PRIZE MONEY DONATED BY LEMUEL X. BAGGOLD, THE WEALTHY PHILANTHROPIST....

THE KITE CONTEST IS TOMORROW, AND IT'S THE SORT OF THING THAT WOULD APPEAL TO "BIG BOY'S" CHILDISH MIND!

FELLAS, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE GOING TO ENTER THAT KITE CONTEST TOMORROW. IT'S OUR CHANCE TO RUN INTO BIG BOY BATES AGAIN!

IT'S ALSO AN OPPORTUNITY TO CONTEND FOR THE $5,000 PRIZE!

FOR LONG HOURS BEFORE BEDTIME, THE YOUNG ALLIES LABOR ON THEIR CONTEST ENTRY...

THAT'S ENOUGH TAIL ON IT, WHITEWASH! IT'S ALMOST A MILE LONG NOW...

THIS IS GOING TO TO BE A HUMDINGER, FELLOWS!

AND THE NEXT DAY AT THE KITE CONTEST....

I'M ONLY TOO HAPPY TO OFFER THIS PRIZE OF $5,000 FOR THE BEST KITE. GO AHEAD, BOYS! **FLY YOUR KITES!**

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS— LET 'ER RIP!

BUT, NEARBY... BIG BOY BATES AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE ENTERED THE CONTEST ALSO....

AW GEE, BOSS! I FEEL AWFUL SILLY FLYING A KITE!

QUIT GRIPIN'! IT'S A CHANCE TO WIN DAT FIVE GRAND... NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE GROWN-UP MEN DRESSED LIKE BOYS!

BESIDES, DIS IS FUN! KITE FLYIN' IS ME FAVORITE OUTDOOR SPORT! WHEEE... LOOK AT IT GO!

FINALLY, THE WINNING ENTRY IS ANNOUNCED!

THE WINNER OF THE KITE CONTEST... THE YOUNG ALLIES! COME FORWARD AND TAKE THE PRIZE!

SUDDENLY!

WE'LL TAKE DAT PRIZE— **OUR** KITE SHOULDA WON!

GALLOPIN' GRAVY— IT'S BIG BOY BATES!

THEN... AS THEIR BATTLE CRY RINGS OUT, THE YOUNG ALLIES ATTACK...

GIMME DAT DOUGH!

YAHOO!

LAY DAT PISTOL DOWN, MISTER!

UGH!

TORO CONTRIBUTES HIS SHARE TO THE STRUGGLE...

ARRGGHH!

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!

BUCKY NOW TAKES CARE OF BIG BOY BATES.....

WOW! WOT A SOCK!

JUST LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!

SMACK!

AND THEN ONE FINAL BLOW ENDS BIG BOY BATES' EXCURSION INTO CRIME...

THIS PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCH ON YOU!

AND AS THE POLICE REMOVE BIG BOY BATES AND HIS GANG...

WE'LL DONATE THE MONEY TO AN ORPHAN SOCIETY!

A VERY WORTHY SUGGESTION, MY FRIEND...

NOW LET US TAKE ONE LAST LOOK AT BIG BOY BATES IN HIS NEW PLAY PEN... A JAIL CELL...

AW, GEE! PLEASE GIMME A LOLLYPOP! WILL YA, HUH? GET ME A STRAWBERRY FLAVOR... OR CHOCOLATE... OR VANILLA... ANYTHING! I JUST WANNA LOLLYPOP!

QUIET, BIG BOY! QUIET... OR PAPA SPANK!

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THE END

TOMMY TYME

AND HIS WONDERFUL CLOCK of the AGES

"THE FIGHTIN' ERA"

SMALL TOWN OR BIG CITY, THERE'S ALWAYS AT LEAST ONE OLD PESSIMIST AROUND TO FROWN ON THE YOUNGER GENERATION! WRAPPING HIMSELF IN THE MOLDY, MOTHEATEN BLANKET OF THE PAST, THIS OLD CODGER USUALLY TAKES SOLACE IN PRATTLING ABOUT THE "GOOD OLD DAYS!" TOMMY TYME THEREFORE DECIDES TO CHECK UP AND SETS OUT TO "MEET THE BOYS!"

OUR STORY OPENS UP ON A CITY STREET, WHERE A YOUTHFUL RIOT IS RAGING, AND RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT IS...YOU GUESSED IT... **TOMMY TYME!**

YOU YOUNG RASCAL! I..I..!

'SCUSE IT, PLEASE!

AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, ROLLING AROUND IN THAT DISGUSTING FASHION? I DECLARE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE YOUNGER GENERATION IS COMING TO! WHY, IN MY DAY WE BEHAVED LIKE LITTLE GENTLEMEN...

WHAT DAY WUZ DAT?

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF 1860!

DIS I GOTTA SEE! AN' ME MAGIC CLOCK'LL HELP ME SEE IT...

TOMMY SETS THE HANDS OF HIS CLOCK BACK TO THE YEAR 1860...

...A GIANT HAND SEEKS TO PLUCK HIM UP HURL HIM THROUGH COLD DARKNESS SHOT WITH MULTICOLORED STREAKS OF FLAME...

SUDDENLY WARMTH AND LIGHT SURROUND TOMMY, HIS FEET SET DOWN ON SOLID GROUND, AND HE STANDS IN A STREET ON THE EAST SIDE OF OLD NEW YORK ....

FOR RENT

HEY, GANG, HERE'S A NEW KID! SAY, YOU!

VOTE FOR HONEST JOHN O'REILLY... FOR MAYOR!

WHO.. ME?

YEAH, **YOU!** WHO'S YER OLD MAN 'VOTIN' FER... O'REILLY OR DAT CHUMP, DOPEY DAN BLAKE?

DA LITTLE FLOWER, IF IT'S ANYTHING TO YOU- SHORT, STUPID AN' FISH-FACED!

HEY! DIS GUY'S A RADICAL! MOIDER DA LAD!

LAY OFF ME, YOU DRIPS... OR I'LL GET ME TEMPER UP!

GEE, YUH SCARE ME. LOOKA! I'M SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF. HA! HA!

FAST AND FURIOUS MINUTES LATER...

BAWW! I WANNA GO HOME!

I TOLD YOUSE GUYS I'D LOSE ME TEMPER!

TCH! TCH! WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THIS WORLD WHEN THE YOUNGER GENERATION ACTS IN SUCH A DISGRACEFUL MANNER? WHY, IN MY DAY....

DAT SPIEL O' YOURS SOUNDS MIGHTY FAMILIAR, MISTER! SEEMS LIKE I HOID IT BEFORE. WOT WAS YOUR DAY?

I WAS BORN IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF 1790, IN THOSE HALCYON DAYS, WE CHILDREN DIDN'T BRAWL. OUR BUSY LITTLE HANDS WERE TOO OCCUPIED HELPING DEAR MOTHER WITH HER CHORES!

TOMMY FLIPS HIS MAGIC CLOCK, AND.... HE'S OFF!

...WE... ULP!

HA! HA! I WISH I COULD GLIM DA LOOK ON DAT OLD GOAT'S FACE! I'LL BET DAT VANISHING ACT I PULLED PUT 'IM IN BED FOR A WEEK! UH-OH! 1790 COMIN' UP!

DESTINATION ACHIEVED... THE YEAR 1790.... TOMMY TYME'S TRIP THROUGH SPACE ENDS! HE FLOATS GENTLY BACK TO EARTH AND LANDS AMIDST A PEACEFUL SCENE...

THOU MUST CARRY THE WATER THIS DAY. I CARRIED IT YESTER-MORN. THOU THINKEST BECAUSE THOU ART A GIRL, THOU CAN SHIRK THY DUTY!

I HAULED IT YESTER-MORN, THOU HULKING OX! I'LL TEACH THEE TO FIB!

BUSY LITTLE HANDS HELPIN' DEAR MOTHER WIT'DA CHORES! TCH! TCH! I THINK I'LL BREAK IT UP BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HOITED!

OWWW! WHATTA RIGHT DAT GIRL PACKS!

AT THAT MOMENT THE ALARM RINGS ON THE MYSTIC CLOCK WHICH IS SET TO WHISK TOMMY BACK TO THE PRESENT...

DIS!! NOW, 'SCUSE ME, PLEASE, I GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

OKAY, KIDS! BREAK IT UP, BEFORE.... OWWW!

MIND THINE OWN AFFAIRS!

AYE! WE DO NOT TOLERATE MEDDLING STRANGERS!

...AND HE FINDS HIMSELF BACK AT THE HECTIC SCENE HE LEFT BEHIND!

LISSEN, MISTER! YOUSE IS ALL WET, SEE? KIDS WUZ DA SAME IN 1790 AN' 1860 AS DEY IS NOW. DEY NEVER CHANGE!

EH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

PHAP! THIS TERRIBLE GENERATION! WHATEVER IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO THIS WORLD OF OURS? BRAWLING STREET URCHINS BLAH.. BLAH.. NOW IN MY DAY.. BLAH... BLAH...

NEW YORK.. for CULTURE!

THE END

RETRIBUTION

JUAN MARTINEZ killed the old man. He had looped a rawhide riata around the old one's thin neck and tightened the cord until his victim was dead.

Then Juan calmly dug in a corner of the ramshackle hut that had been the old man's home and found the bags of gold dust. Pocketing them he mounted his burro and rode out of the jungle to Porto Barrios. From the first day he had started into the jungle with the old man he had known that he would kill the other. But first he had to know where the gold was hidden, where the rich vein of ore the old one had tapped for years was. Then he, Juan Martinez, would strike—and diablo! he'd be rich.

What to do after he reached Porto Barrios was unclear in Juan's mind. Perhaps take a banana boat to the south. Perhaps Cuba—or one of the other islands. But now Juan was rich—and being rich he spent his time and money as only a once poor man could.

A tinkling piano in a cantina caught Juan's ear. He walked into the noisy, smoking, jangling place and up to the bar. He fumbled inside his shirt and pulled out one of the gold dust bags. It thudded to the bar and some of it spilled.

Juan turned and raised his voice. "Ohe! Amigos! Drink on Juan Martinez who is now the rich one! Drink!"

The cantina hangers-on needed no second invitation. They crowded to the bar.

Soon Juan's face was flushed—and his tongue was loose.

"Do not think that is all the gold I have. There is more. Much more."

The more he drank, the more Juan talked. He began to boast about how much gold he had, and how much more he could get. And there were eager listeners. One of them, tall, swarthy and hawk-eyed, leaned over to Juan and said, 'Amigo—I do not like to tell another his business. But you talk too loudly. There are those who can not be trusted. Why do you not come away from here and to a quiet place, where people of intelligence can speak?"

Juan squinted unsteadily at the speaker. He saw a man whose clothes told that he was a gentleman. "Ah," thought Juan, "Such a fine gentleman considers me his equal. Already my new wealth is bringing results." Aloud he said, "Si, amigo, you are right. Let us leave. But where can we go?"

"To my hotel room," smiled the other. "But first let me introduce myself. I am Don Miguel Hernandez of Rio Hato, in Panama. I am a planter of orange groves." Turning to two men standing close by him he said, "Here are Tomas Mendosa, and Rafael Muniz, my business associates. And now let us leave here and go to a place that is fit for gentlemen."

The men left the cantina, and Juan, unsteady on his feet went along. A few blocks away they turned into the lobby of a hotel, and a minute later were in the comfortable lodging of Don Miguel Hernandez.

"And now, Amigos," Hernandez motioned, "make yourselves comfortable, and we can have a nice long talk."

Mendosa and Muniz sat on the bed and Juan flopped into an easy chair. An expansive grin spread on his face. He was feeling fine. Flushed with both his wealth and rum, Juan was in the pink.

Hernandez handed him a tall glass filled with rum and coca cola. "Drink up, amigo. And tell us how you came on your present good fortune."

A shrewd glint came into Juan's eyes. His greasy face shone in the electric light. Animal pleasure radiated from his expression.

"Senores," he smirked, "I, Juan Martinez, am the owner of the richest vein of gold ore in the whole of Guatemala. Think of it, senores, you are looking at a rich man. A titan of gold."

He did not see the quick look which passed between the others. His boastful voice rolled on, "Right in the jungle it is. This vein of gold. And I swear to you, senores, that the stuff is breaking through the earth waiting to be picked up. And I—only I—know where it is." He gulped at his drink, "Not many days ago I did not know of this immense fortune. An old one, a miner, a comber of the jungles knew the secret. He and I rode into the jungle together. Now I alone know the secret. Now I alone know where there is more of this. . . ." He tore open his shirt and threw three bags of gold dust onto the floor. His voice grew louder and became almost hysterical—"I—I Juan Martinez, once a cutter of sugar cane am rich. . . . Rich—do you hear?"

Hernandez laughed. "Come, my fine amigo, surely you do not think that grown men like us will believe your wild tale of a vein of gold ore in the heart of the jungle? This is pure nonsense."

"Si," Muniz agreed, "You merely found the gold dust. There is no such place as you speak about."

Martinez pulled himself erect. His eyes danced wildly. "You do not believe me—eh? Diablo! I will show you. . . . I will prove to you that I do not tell lies. I am a rich man—why should I lie? I will prove to you that I tell the truth. There is such a vein of gold."

"And how do you intend to prove this, amigo?" sneered Hernandez.

Juan's blood-shot eyes glared at the trio. "How do I intend to prove this, you ask? I will make you a map. I will show you!"

Hernandez re-filled Juan's half-empty glass. "There now, amigo—you speak like a true sportsman — a true gentleman. Eh, Tomas? Eh, Rafael?"

"Yes, truly he is a great gentleman," grinned Muniz, while Mendosa nodded assent.

Don Miguel brought out paper and pencil, and while Juan sketched the exact location of the gold ore vein, the three men watched. "Here you go into the jungle," said Juan, "Here is the Rio Chame, which you follow until it branches off into the El Valle trail. Now the trail runs up over Sierra Grande and down into Rio de los Perdidos. Here there is an old Indian trail as I have marked it. The trail runs back about two—maybe three miles. There you will find a great rock called El Caballo. And it is near this last you will see a fallen down hut. Forty paces north of the hut is the vein of gold ore. Now what do you think?"

Hernandez looked at the paper and smiled. "I think, amigo, you need some fresh air. Come. We will ride in my automobile. The air of the night will do much to clear your head." He pocketed the paper, and they all left the room.

Outside, they piled into a great black Cadillac, and soon were moving out along the International highway. After what seemed to Juan a long time, the car stopped. He opened his eyes. "I must have fallen asleep," he thought. The car was parked in a wagon trail which ended into the great black bulk of the jungle.

A strong hand grabbed Juan by the collar. "Get out," a voice gruffly barked.

Juan half walked, was half dragged out of the car. Three shadowy figures moved near him.

"What is happening?" he asked.

His answer was a clout on the jaw which set him reeling. Another blow and another landed on him. Stars danced in his eyes—and then everything went out.

Juan came to his senses. He was lying face down in the jungle grass. Slowly—painfully—he pulled himself to his feet.

His mind was reeling and his body ached all over. "T-they beat me up, those hombres. Oh—what a fool I was—what a fool—" He frantically felt for the bags of gold dust. They were gone. Then he dimly remembered that he had left them on the floor of the hotel room.

"No gold! I am poor! Why did I deserve this?"

"Because you killed me—and you must die the death of a murderer and a thief!" said a voice near him.

He turned. And there stood the old man—in his hand he held a riata of rawhide .

"But—you are dead! I murdered you—I killed you!" screamed Juan.

"Dead yes. I am dead enough. Dead by the hands of you whom I befriended," said the old man. "But not dead in your mind—not dead in your conscience. No murderer is ever free from that. And now you will pay the retribution for your crime."

"Pay for my crime? How, old one? How! You are only a thing brought up by the fumes of the rum."

"How? You shall die by this riata—even as I have died."

Slowly the old man approached Juan. The bruised man stood for a moment and watched the figure come nearer. Then with a wild shriek, he turned and ran into the jungle.

"You can not escape my retribution!" came the voice of the old man.

Juan raced madly. Vines tore at his clothes. He fell. On his hands and knees he looked up and there was the old one—still with the rawhide riata in his hand.

Again Juan ran. Something whipped around his throat. He pulled at it. But the bond grew tighter the more he struggled

His fingers felt the rawhide riata. Tighter—tighter—tighter . . . until Juan knew no more . . . until his face blackened and his breath stopped.

The hot jungle sun beat down, and a finger of sunlight found Juan Martinez hanging. Around his neck were strands of heavy, powerful jungle vine which had been wrapped around his neck, and tightened by his violent struggles to free himself.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Young Allies published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Young Allies and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Young Allies, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Young Allies, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Abraham Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; David Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1945.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

The YOUNG ALLIES

FROM THE TOMB IT CRAWLED-- THIS THING OF UN-BELIEVABLE HORROR-- TO SPREAD TERROR AND DEATH... AND TO LEAVE A TRAIL OF MANGLED CORPSES IN ITS WAKE! FOLLOW THE YOUNG ALLIES AS THEY TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF---

The MUMMY of DEATH!

A WAVE OF TERROR SWEEPS THE EASTERN SEABOARD AS---

WHA..? WHO ARE YOU..? NO! NO!

DEATH! HAHAHA! DEATH!

HOUR AFTER HOUR THE HORROR MOUNTS! FEAR CLUTCHES THE HEART OF THE CITY!

DAILY TRIB-HERALD

MUMMY STRIKES AGAIN!

WHILE IN THEIR CLUB-HOUSE, THE YOUNG ALLIES LISTEN TO A NEWS FLASH...

THE STRANGE CREATURE THAT EMBARKED UPON ITS TERROR CRUSADE LAST NIGHT HAS CLAIMED ITS EIGHTH VICTIM! JOEL LATIMER, MINING ENGINEER, WAS FOUND MURDERED! THE KILLER, SAID TO BE A **MUMMY**, WAS LAST SEEN ON THE RIVER ROAD!

SAY! MAYBE WE CAN GET THIS THING...

THE RIVER ROAD! THAT'S NEARBY! COME ON, GANG – HERE'S OUR CHANCE!

YEAH – TO GET OUR HANDS ON THAT MUMMY!

OR HIS CHANCE TO GET HIS HANDS ON **US!**

LATER, ON THE RIVER ROAD...

AH DOAN SEE NOTHIN' ROUN' HERE... SO LE'S GO ON BACK HOME!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, WHITEWASH... SAY! OVER THERE! WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT FROM BEHIND THAT BUSH?

LOOKS LIKE A **FOOT!**

IT'S SOME POOR HUNTER! GOOD GODFREY! EVERY BONE IN THIS MAN'S BODY IS BROKEN! WHAT KIND OF BEAST IS THIS?

I WISH I KNEW! ONE THING IS CERTAIN. IT **CAN'T** BE HUMAN! I... **HEY!** LOOK AT THIS! A NOTE, OR SOMETHING!

WHAT DOES IT SAY?

THE CURSE OF THE MUMMY BE UPON THOSE WHO RIP AWAY THE EVIL FROM MY TOMB! BUT IF THOU WOULD FOLLOW. FIND THE SPHINX WHO LAUGHS! SO SPOKE MODEBL THE DEMON....

SOUNDS LIKE A TRANSLATION FROM THE EGYPTIAN! MODEBL WAS AN EVIL SORCERER! BUT WHAT'S THIS "LAUGHING SPHINX" THING?

HEY! GANG...! WE'VE FOUND THE MUMMY'S FOOTPRINTS!

HURRY! WE'LL FIGURE OUT THAT NOTE LATER! LET'S GET THAT MONSTER!

RACING UP THE NARROW ROAD, THE YOUNG ALLIES REACH THE PEAK AND COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH....

THE MUMMY. FELLERS! THE M-MUMMY!

SPREAD OUT AND CUT HIM DOWN!

FOOLS! KNOW THIS...! I AM **KARR**, COURTIER TO **MODEBL THE DEMON!** I AM ON HIS MISSION TO DESTROY THE WORLD'S LEADERS, THAT HE MAY RULE AGAIN!

THE YOUNG ALLIES AND THE DEMON **CLASH!**

SNIVELING FOOLS! WOULD YOU DEFY **THE MUMMY?** I SHALL CRUSH YOU LIKE INSECTS!

THAT'S A BIG ORDER!

HEY! THAT THING'S GOT BUCKY!

TORO, HELP!

HERE I COME, BUCKY!

AS TORO FLAMES NEARER, THE MUMMY STEPS BACK IN TERROR AND DROPS BUCKY...

FIRE! NO! NO!

I'M COMIN' AT YOU, SKIN-AN'-BONES!

THE TERRIFIED MONSTER RUNS!

THANKS, GUYS! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE! BUT THANKS TO TORO.., YOUR HAND! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN IT... THE **SPHINX!**

TORO REJOINS THE GANG...

I LOST THE MUMMY! HE GAVE ME THE SLIP IN THE WOODS! WHAT'S UP? **WHAT DID YOU FIND?**

THE SPHINX! BUCKY MUST HAVE TORN IT FROM THE MUMMY'S NECK WHEN YOU FLAMED ON HIM!

THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ON IT! I'VE GOT A HUNCH IF WE TRANSLATED IT, WE'D HAVE THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY!

BUCKY'S RIGHT! I KNOW— WE'LL COPY IT ON A PIECE OF PAPER! A COUPLE OF US CAN TAKE IT TO THE EGYPTIAN ROOM AT THE LIBRARY AND HAVE IT TRANSLATED!

THAT'S AN IDEA! YOU AND TORO TAKE IT... THE REST OF US WILL WAIT AT THE CLUB-HOUSE!

LATER, AT THE LIBRARY... JEFF AND TORO PRESENT THE COPY OF THE INSCRIPTION TO DOCTOR LAMMON, EXPERT ON EGYPTOLOGY...

WE'D LIKE THIS TRANSLATED, DOCTOR... IT'S FROM A PIECE OF JEWELRY WE FOUND!

I SEE... I'D PREFER TO HAVE THE ORIGINAL TO THIS! HOWEVER, HERE IT IS...."THE KEY TO ALL IS THE LAUGHING SPHINX"!

THE LAUGHING SPHINX...? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

I'M HERE EVERY EVENING -- RETURN WITH THE ORIGINAL AND PERHAPS I CAN TELL YOU MORE!

WE MAY TAKE YOU UP ON THAT!

BACK AT THE CLUB-HOUSE...

HMM..."THE KEY TO IT ALL IS THE LAUGHING SPHINX!" BUT THIS THING DOESN'T LAUGH! MAYBE IT'S THE WRONG ONE!

MAYBE THERE'S A CLUE IN IT WE CAN'T FIND! THE DOCTOR SAID TO BRING IT TO HIM. HE MAY FIND WHAT WE CAN'T!

THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO, C'MON!

THAT NIGHT, THE YOUNG ALLIES RETURN TO THE LIBRARY, BUT INSTEAD OF DOCTOR LAMMON, THEY FIND...

LAND MAN! DOES YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

THE MUMMY! WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET HIM ESCAPE THIS TIME!

THE YOUNG ALLIES ATTACK!

I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

AS BUCKY CHARGES TOWARD HIM... THE MUMMY TEARS A SWORD OFF THE WALL AND THROWS IT AT HIM.....

COMING AT YOU, HOT-SHOT!

FOOL! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE YOUR DOOM!

BUCKY!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

BUCKY! YOU OKAY?

YEP! THAT SWORD THE MUMMY THREW HIT THIS SPHINX I WAS WEARING 'ROUND MY NECK!

LOOK! THE SPHINX IS LAUGHING! THE SWORD MUST HAVE HIT A SECRET SPRING!

I'LL MOVE THE TONGUE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

GOLLY—IT'S OPENING!

IT'S GOT A PIECE OF PAPER WRAPPED AROUND A VIAL OF LIQUID! READ WHAT IT SAYS ON THE PAPER!

CLICK!

AND WRITTEN ON THE PAPER---

IF YOU WOULD PENETRATE THE VEIL, THINK WELL OF WHAT YOU SEEK--- DRINK WELL--- AND OF THE MAGIC POTION--- DRINK DEEP!

LET'S SEE THAT BOTTLE OF LIQUID, BUCKY!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, TORO?

HMM--CONCENTRATED OPIUM! ONE SIP OF THAT'D MAKE YOU CRAZIER THAN A MARCH HARE! I GET THE SET-UP NOW! LET'S GO, GANG! WE CAN'T DO ANY MORE UNTIL MORNING!

WHAT ABOUT THE MUMMY?

TOO LATE TO CATCH HIM NOW! HE'S OUT FULFILLING THE CURSE OF MODEBL! WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE CLUB, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!

HE'S GOING MYSTERIOUS ON US AGAIN!

YEAH! AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT HUMOR HIM!

BACK AT THE CLUBHOUSE, TORO TURNS ON THE RADIO!

LISTEN TO THIS--

THE MUMMY STRUCK THRICE AGAIN TONIGHT, ADDING THREE MORE VICTIMS TO HIS ALREADY BLOODY LIST! POLICE ARE PATROLLING ALL ROADS! IT IS HOPED THAT---

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU MEANT? BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THE MUMMY WAS NO LONGER IN THE MUSEUM--?

EVERYTHING WILL EXPLAIN ITSELF IF THE HUNCH WORKS OUT! NOW, JUST BEFORE DAWN, WE'LL RETURN TO THE LIBRARY! IF WE FIND WHAT I THINK WE WILL, THE MUMMY WILL KILL NO MORE!

JUST BEFORE DAWN THAT MORNING, THE YOUNG ALLIES ENTER THE LIBRARY AND SEE---

L-L-LOOK! DA MUMMY!

WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!

HE'S SEEN US! HE'S GOING UP THOSE STAIRS!

I'LL GET HIM!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

AND AS TORO FLAMES CLOSER-- THE MUMMY LEAPS OVER THE RAILING--!

EEE-A-A-A-G-H-H!

BENDING OVER THE DYING CREATURE--- THEY SEE AN INCREDIBLE TRANSFORMATION TAKE PLACE----

IT'S DOCTOR L-LAMMON! BUT--- HOW CAN THE DOCTOR AND THE MUMMY BE THE SAME?

HE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF THE SPHINX AND DRANK THE POTION! REMEMBER WHAT THE INSCRIPTION SAID--- "THINK WELL OF WHAT YOU SEEK!" HE THOUGHT OF THE DEMON AND HIS MADNESS TOOK THAT FORM! IT CONVINCED HIM HE WAS ON THE DEMON'S ERRAND!

MUCH LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE, AFTER THE BODY HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE---

H-HELP! DAT MUMMY'S HERE AGAIN! **SAVE ME! SAVE ME!**

THAT'S NO MUMMY! IT'S ONLY THE CURTAIN!

BUT HOW DID HE TAKE THE FORM OF A MUMMY?

HE WAS A LYCANTHROPE! IN HIS MADNESS HE BELIEVED HE WAS A MUMMY! AND AFTER SUNDOWN, WHEN HIS MADNESS ATTAINED THE ZENITH, HE **REALLY DID BECOME A MUMMY!**

OHH-- THIS IS--- THE END!

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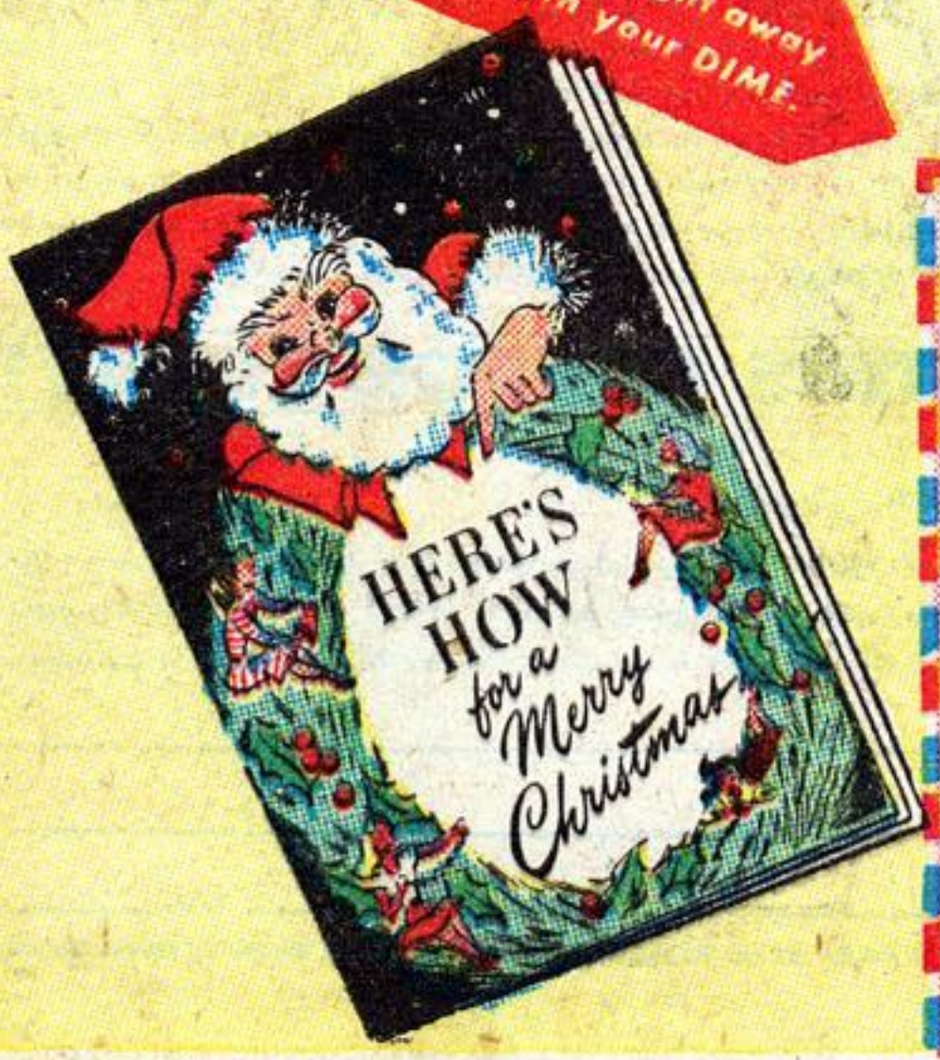

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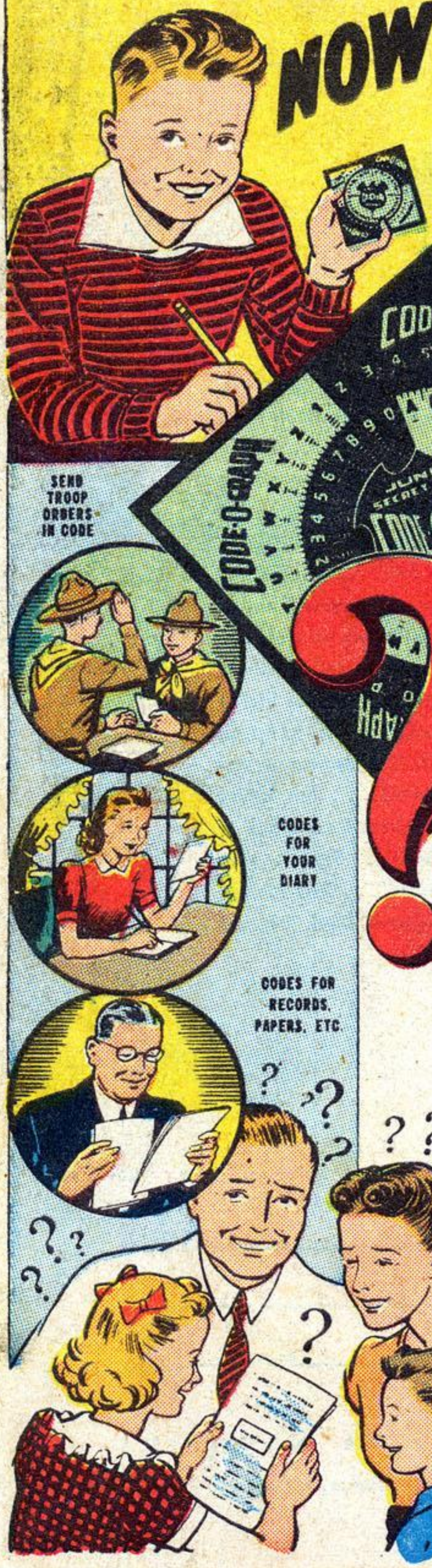

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